Table of Contents

1. Allegiances
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1
4. Chapter 2
5. Chapter 3
6. Chapter 4
7. Chapter 5
8. Chapter 6
9. Chapter 7
10. Chapter 8
11. Chapter 9
12. Chapter 10
13. Chapter 11
14. Chapter 12
15. Chapter 13
16. Chapter 14
17. Chapter 15
18. Chapter 16
19. Chapter 17
20. Chapter 18
21. Chapter 19
22. Chapter 20
23. Chapter 21
24. Chapter 22
25. Chapter 23
26. Chapter 24
27. Chapter 25
28. Chapter 26
29. Chapter 27
30. Note

Allegiances

LightClan

Leader: Shinystar: Sleek, Golden She-cat

Deputy: Sharpfang: She cat with dark gray fur, and two sharp front fangs

Warriors

Whitestone: Solid white tom

Oneear: white Tom with one battle-torn ear

Apprentice: Lionpaw: Golden Tom with a shaggy pelt.

Darktail: White tom with a jet black tail.

Whitestripe: tom with black and white stripes

Apprentice: Oakpaw: brown tabby tom

Cinderleaf: pretty dark gray she-cat

Blackpelt: Solid black Tom with amber eyes

Apprentice: Spottedpaw: White she-cat with brown spots

Brightfur: Light gray she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentice: Frostpaw: White she-cat

Darkstorm: Dark tabby tom

Apprentice: Branchpaw: Brown tom

Redclaw: White Tom with Ginger paws and a Ginger tail.

Stonefang: Pale gray tom

Sunfur: Pale orange she-cat

Blazeheart: Ginger-brown tabby she-cat

Tinyclaw: She-cat with light gray fur and one small paw

Grayspots: White Tom with Gray spots

Sparkpelt: White she-cat with tiny flame-colored spots around her pelt

Queens

Daisyfur: Cream-coloured she-cat

Elders

None

Medicine cat

Silvertail: very old, white she-cat with a silver tail and silver paws.

Apprentice: Dawnpaw: Pale Ginger she - cat

SmokeClan

Leader: Ashstar: tom with a dark gray pelt

Deputy: Tawnytail: Black and tortoiseshell tom

Warriors

Amberheart: Pale orange she-cat with amber eyes

Swiftfoot: Fast Light gray tom

Leafeye: she- Cat with White fur and leafy green eyes

Nightfur: Black tom with dark brown spots

Apprentice: Honeypaw: Pale Ginger she-cat

Thornfur: tom with Prickly Fur always sticking out

Blazefur: White and orange tabby

Frostflower: White she-cat

Flowerheart: Pretty tabby she-cat; pale Ginger fur.

Elders

Frostear: Old tom with black. Fur and one white ear

Medicine cat: Adderfur: pale orange and brown tom

Apprentice: Snowpaw: White tom with a black tail.

SwiftClan

Leader: Spottedstar: White She-cat with Jet black spots

Deputy: Crowtail: jet black tom

Warriors

Ravenfeather: Sleek black tom

Darkpelt: Dark brown She-cat with a jet black tail

Apprentice: Tallpaw: Tall, tortoiseshell tom

Foxtail: redish - Ginger tom

Apprentice: Shatterpaw: white tabby tom

Shrededfur: Tom with brown fur, shredded with scars.

Softcloud: white she-cat

Queens

Skyeye: light gray cat with sky blue eyes

Goldenfur: Golden furred tabby

Elders

Lionpelt: shaggy pale orange tom

Stoneear: white cat with gray ears oldest cat among the clans

medicine cat

Tawnychest: Black she-cat with a tawny colored chest.

Apprentice: Talonpaw: Brown tom with a white chest

Mistclan

Leader: Rainstar: White tom

Deputy: Peachpelt: pale orange she-cat

Apprentice: Volepaw dark brown tom

Warriors

Dustfur: Grayish- brown tom

Apprentice: Lionpaw: Golden tabby she-cat.

Thicktail: she-cat with a long thick tail

Apprentice: Stripedpaw: Pale tabby tom

Stoneheart: Light gray she-cat with dark gray spots.

Apprentice: Leafpaw: Brown she-cat with green eyes

Fastheart: The fastest cat of MistClan. White furred tom.

Queens

Frostcloud: White cat with puffy, thick fur.

Tornflower: Brown tabby with a lot of scars.

Elders

Crowclaw: jet black tom

medicine cat

Daisypetal: White She-cat

A/n

This is the third book. If you haven't already, please read my first and second book,

The Other Clans: a Warriors Fan~Fic (book one)

The Other Clans: Blackpelt's Destiny (Book Two)

The cover picture is supposed to be a picture of Blackpelt and Brightfur (Sims 3 Pets version)

Prologue

"What are we going to do now? Sit here and watch our clans be taken over by rouges?" Snapped a golden she-cat with sleek, shiny fur.

"No, Shinystar." Meowed a Gray she-cat. "We never know when these rouges are going to strike. We have to be prepared. And so far, our only answer is to join forces with the rest of the clans."

"What makes you think they would do that, Sharpfang? The day SmokeClan decideds to team up with MistClan, is the day hedgehogs will fly!"

"Shinystar, this isn't about alliances or hatred between the clans! All clans could be having this problem, and allies or no allies, we have to work together and get rid of these rouges... *for good*."

"Great argument, Sharpfang, but how is this all going to work?"

"I don't know yet. But I know it won't be hard teaming up with SwiftClan."

"I hope for an answer soon, Sharpfang. Like you said, we will never know when these rouges will strike."

Chapter 1

Blackpelt woke up at midnight and padded to where his apprentice, Spottedpaw, lied with the other injured cats.

"Why are you up, Blackpelt." Asked the voice of Dawnpaw.

"Hi, Dawnpaw. I couldn't sleep, that's all."

"I've been up checking on everyone."

"How is Spottedpaw?"

"She's good, but it would be best if she misses training for the day. Her shoulder still needs to heal, but she is strong."

"That is good to know."

"So how did it go with your father?" Blackpelt remembered that he had not told anyone about the journey that he and Brightfur made since they got back.

"It went well. Brightfur almost drowned, but I saved her. She was coughing a lot, but thanks to my sister, Stormy, she stopped coughing. If my sister was in a clan, I am sure she would have been a medicine cat."

"She sounds like she would make a fabulous medicine cat. Speaking of medicine cats, Silvertail is retiring. I am going to be a full medicine cat."

"You deserve it. You healed all the injured cats by yourself. Everyone looks like they're in good shape."

"Anyways, I am very tired. I need to get some sleep and you need to do the same. You had a long journey, you need some rest."

"Alright. Goodnight, Dawnpaw."

"Goodnight, Blackpelt."

Chapter 2

Brightfur woke up and stretched outside of the den.

"Hey, Frostpaw. Are you ready for training?"

"Yes, Brightfur." Meowed the white apprentice.

"Did you eat?"

"No. The fresh-kill pile is empty."

Brightfur looked at the empty pile.

"We will bring back something when we are done."

"Okay."

Brightfur led Frostpaw to the training hollow.

"Let's see your fighting moves."

The white apprentice pounced at her mentor, causing her to fall over. Soon, she had her pinned.

"You fight me like I just Killed your mother. I'm glad we are in the same clan. I don't want to have all of my fur shredded off."

"I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"Only a little. Now try again, but this time, I will fight back."

Frostpaw pounced again. Brightfur dogged and pinned her but the apprentice slipped out and pounced again.

Taken by surprise, Brightfur fell to the ground.

"You fight like a warrior. I need to talk to Shinystar about your ceremony. Now let's hunt."

They brought a lot of prey back to camp. Brightfur was impressed by her apprentice's hunting skills.

Silvertail was waiting at the entrance of the camp.

Dawnpaw bumped into Brightfur, not paying attention.

"Sorry, Brightfur. I am just excited. I am going to the Moonstream to become a full medicine cat!"

"That is good."

"Come on, Dawnpaw! I'm not getting any younger here!" Silvertail called out.

"Coming! Goodbye, Brightfur."

"Goodbye, Dawnpaw." The golden apprentice ran up to Silvertail and they left.

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Spottedpaw woke up and stretched out her leg. Her shoulder felt stiff as she got to her paws.

She saw Blackpelt and Brightfur talking in the middle of the camp.

"Hi, Blackpelt!"

"Hi, Spottedpaw." Blackpelt mewed.

"Hi, Spottedpaw. How is your shoulder?" Brightfur asked.

"It's a little stiff but it doesn't hurt. Can I come to the gathering tonight?"

"I don't know. Dawnpaw said your shoulder has to heal, and it is not my decision."

"I know, but my shoulder feels fine. I can walk to the fortress."

"Hi, Spottedpaw." Sharpfang greeted.

"Sharpfang, can I please come to the gathering tonight?" Spottedpaw pled.

"Okay, you can come. But what about your shoulder?"

"It's fine. See," Spottedpaw stretched out her leg and walked, with great posture, to the fresh kill pile and back.

"It seems fine. Should she come, Blackpelt?" Sharpfang asked.

"I think she can go." He mewed.

Excitement filled through Spottedpaw.

Sharpfang nodded and padded to Shinystar's den.

"Go eat." Brightfur mewed. "You need that extra strength. The fortress is kind of a long walk."

Spottedpaw nodded and went to the fresh-kill pile. She selected a squirrel.

Oakpaw padded towards her.

"Hi, Spottedpaw!"

"Hi, Oakpaw!" Oakpaw was one of Spottedpaw's best friends.

"Are you going to the gathering tonight? I am." Oakpaw announced.

"I am too!"

"A lot of the apprentices are."

Spottedpaw finished her squirrel and got to her paws.

"Have you learned any new fighting moves, Oakpaw?"

"Not much. You?"

"I did not train today, but Sharpfang taught me how to dodge quickly."

"Wow." Oakpaw picked up a crow and took a bite out of it.

"I can't wait for the gathering! I wonder what is going to happen!"

"Me too." Oakpaw mewed.

A/n

So since there is no Moonstone or a Moonpool in this story, I decided to make a Moonstream, which is west of the LightClan camp, and it is in a cave. So Yeah...

Chapter 3

Shinystar led the warriors and apprentices to the fortress.

Spottedpaw tried to hide the excitement inside of her.

"I'm so excited!" She exclaimed to Oakpaw.

"Me too!"

"Calm down, you two. Your going to make it seem like we brought kits to this gathering." Darkstorn muttered.

"We are not kits! We are apprentices!"

"Then start *acting* like apprentices!" Darkstorm caught up with the rest of the warriors.

Rage filled through Spottedpaw. She hated being called a kit.

"Don't you hate when you are called a kit just because of your enthusiasm?" She asked Oakpaw.

"Yeah! It really pulls my tail. I am eight moons. I am an apprentice. I don't sleep in the nursery, I train."

"They should understand that we get a little excited sometimes. That is no reason to be called a kit!"

Suddenly, Spottedpaw smelled the scent of SwiftClan cats and MistClan cats. They were at the fortress.

"Where's SmokeClan?" Spottedpaw asked.

"They're usually the last to come." Blackpelt answered.

"Blackpelt, what was your first gathering like?"

"Well, I was very excited. Brightfur and I were attending our first

gathering. I met Shadowpelt that night." Sorrow filled Blackpelt's eyes.

Shadowpelt was Blackpelt's mother who was Killed at the fortress by an unknown cat.

"I wonder who did it." He growled. "I wonder who Killed her. And when I find out who, ha! Just wait 'till I get my claws on them!"

Soon, SmokeClan arrived.

Tawnytail, the deputy, padded up to Blackpelt.

"I wish I could've told you earlier but, I am sorry for Shadowpelt. I too grieve for her. She was one of our best warriors in the clan. If I was the leader, and she was still alive, I definitely would've chosen her as the deputy."

"Thank you, Tawnytail."

The four clan leaders stared down at us. The gathering has begun.

Shinystar stepped forward.

"I wish to speak first." She stood on the highrock, Her sleek fur shone in the moonlight.

"My clan was attacked by rouges the previous day."

"SwiftClan too," Spottedstar added in.

"MistClan too," said Rainstar.

"SmokeClan was attacked also." muttered Ashstar.

"Well we need to do something about it. I refuse to watch my warriors get injured or even killed. We have to do something about it."

"How are we going to do that? There is so many rouges, they can take out my whole clan!" Ashstar remarked.

"By working together. We won't be outnumbered if all four clans

work together."

"Are you saying we should join forces?" Rainstar asked.

"Yes. Who agrres with me."

"I agree. I will join forces with you." Spottedstar responded.

"Thank you, Spottedstar. Rainstar?"

Rainstar's gaze swept across his warriors.

Almost all of them nodded.

He looked over at his deputy, Peachpelt.

The pale orange she-cat gave a nod and the leader turned back at Shinystar.

"MistClan will join forces with you, Shinystar."

"Thank you, Rainstar. Ashstar?"

Ashstar closed his eyes.

"SmokeClan will join forces." He said as he opened his eyes.

"Very well then."

"How are we going to know when the rouges attack?" A voice from the crowd called. Most of the crowd murmured with agreement.

When the noise began to dial down, Shinystar spoke again.

"We have to stay alert. We have to notice some patterns."

"Patterns?" Spottedstar grunted. "I've already noticed some!"

"What have you noticed, Spottedstar?"

"I noticed that most of our former deputies were killed by rouges, while one clan lost a leader!"

"That is very true! LightClan lost Goldfur, while SwiftClan lost Cloudfoot, while SmokeClan lost Burnpelt, and MistClan lost Sprinklestar. This means that either the rouges have been spying on us, or some cats have been sharing news with the rouges."

"We haven't been scenting the rouges since yesterday when they attacked." Spottedstar remarked.

"We haven't either." Ashstar put in.

"Same with MistClan." Rainstar added.

"So this means that some of our warriors have been meeting up with these rouges!" Shinystar growled.

"I suggest we keep an eye open for some of our warriors. Some of our *least* trusted warriors." Ashstar growled.

"If any cat notices anything strange that has to do with the rouges, you have my permission to go to the LightClan camp and report it to me. That *doesn't* mean you can steal prey."

"You have my permission too." Said Spottedstar.

"And my permission." Rainstar added. Ashstar sighed. "You have my permission also, but if we catch anybody stealing prey, you *will* be sorry."

"Very well then. This gathering is over."

Shinystar leaped down from the rock and signaled her tail for her warriors to follow.

Spottedpaw walked besides Oakpaw. "That was intresting."

"Yes, it was." Oakpaw agreed.

They walked the long way back to the camp.

Chapter 4

Blackpelt opened his eyes and brushed the ferns out of his pelt.

The first cat he spotted was Dawnpaw. She had a bunch of herbs in her jaws.

"Dawnpaw! Your back!" Blackpelt called out.

Dawnpaw dropped the herbs she was carrying.

"It's Dawn*fur* now." She corrected.

"Dawnfur," Blackpelt repeated.

"Where is Silvertail?"

"In the elders' den, resting."

"Oh. She must be tired."

"I am too. I just came back from herb collecting."

"Well I should wake up Spottedpaw. It's time for her training session."

"Okay. See you later, Blackpelt."

"See you soon, Dawnfur." Blackpelt padded to the apprentices' den. He noticed Branchpaw who was sitting outside the den.

"What's wrong, Branchpaw?" Blackpelt asked. The brown apprentice looked gloomy. His tail was dropped down to the ground, and his ears were flattened."

"Nothing, it's just that Darkstorm went hunting alone again so I can't train today."

Blackpelt noticed how Darkstorm left some mornings. But how can

he doubt his loyalties when he always brings back enough prey that would feed half of the clan?

"Do you want to train with Spottedpaw and I?"

"Yes, please."

"Okay. Can you get Spottedpaw for me?"

"Sure!" The apprentice began to cheer up. He went inside the den and came out with Spottedpaw behind him.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

When they reached the training hollow, Blackpelt decided to test Spottedpaw's fighting.

"Okay, Spottedpaw. Show me what Sharpfang taught you," Blackpelt pounced at her, hoping she would be surprised by his attack. But Spottedpaw dogged the moment she saw Blackpelt launching at her.

Blackpelt stumbled to the ground.

"You've improved your speed." Blackpelt got up to his paws and shook the dust from his fur.

"How fast are you, Branchpaw?"

"Darkstorm said I am fast."

"Okay. Fight me then."

Branchpaw leaped at Blackpelt and pinned him.

"Wow, your fast. Now let's see how good you are at dogging."

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The next day was windy.

Blackpelt sat in the middle of the camp, unsure of what to do. He already hunted and trained Spottedpaw. The sun was going down.

"Blackpelt," Sharpfang meowed.

"Yes, Sharpfang?"

"Can you go on border patrol with Redclaw, Sunfur, and Darkstorm?"

"Darkstorm?"

Sharpfang narrowed her eyes. "Are you questioning my orders?"

"No, not at all, Sharpfang. I'll go."

"Very well. Go get Darkstorm, and hurry. Redclaw and Sunfur are waiting."

Darkstorm was by the fresh-kill pile, grooming his pelt.

Blackpelt hardly interacted with Darkstorm. He disliked him since kithood. But maybe after the border patrol, they would know each other better.

"Darkstorm," Darkstorm stopped grooming his pelt and looked up.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Sharpfang wants us to join the border patrol with Redclaw and Sunfur."

"Fine. Let's go then."

They joined Redclaw and Sunfur who were waiting by the entrance of the camp.

This is going to be a long night. Blackpelt thought.

A/n

Sorry for the long wait. Chapter 5 will be posted soon...

Chapter 5

"We should renew the scent markers around the border between SmokeClan and LightClan." Redclaw suggested.

"True." Sunfur agreed.

"We should also keep our eyes open for the rouges." Blackpelt added.

"As if we don't know that already!" Darkstorm spat.

"I was just-"

"We have no time for arguing. Those filthy rouges could be running through our territory as we speak. Let's just go to the borders, renew the scent markers, and check for the rouges." Redclaw snapped.

Without saying one word, Redclaw led the patrol to the border that divided SmokeClan and LightClan.

They began to renew the scent markers, then suddenly, Blackpelt hissed at the sight of rabbit bones.

"What is it, Blackpelt? Did you just see a rouge?" Sunfur asked.

"No, rabbit bones."

"Let's examine them." Redclaw padded over to the bones and sniffed them. "Yup, those were definitely left by rouges. The scent is stale though. Probably about a day old."

"That was a mouse-brained idea! These rouges *must* want us to know that they're in our territory!" Darkstorm hissed.

"Let's go to the border that divides LightClan and SwiftClan." Redclaw ordered. "Check for more signs."

"There is more bones!" Sunfur hissed. "And they're leading to that cave!"

Redclaw stepped closer to the cave and sniffed.

"The rouges were definitely here! The scent is stale."

"So we could just get a couple cats to sit there and chase them off when they arrive." Darkstorm suggested.

"That would be mouse-brained." I said. "I mean, the rouges outnumber the entire Clan. It would be *asking* to get killed if we leave a couple of cats in there. And plus, it's obviously a trap."

"Whatever," Darkstorm muttered.

"He's right, Darkstorm. They must have left the bones intentionally just to lure us in the cave, so they can kill us." Redclaw growled.

"Why are they doing all this in the first place?" Sunfur asked.

"For power! They want the entire forest so they can shelter in our dens and hunt our prey. Those filthy furbals!"

There was no more signs for the rest of the patrol, but Blackpelt couldn't stop feeling that they were being watched.

Chapter 6

The next morning, the evening patrol returned.

"Anything new?" Sharpfang asked.

"Rabbit bones and traps." Redclaw reported.

"What do you mean by *traps*?"

"The rouges left a trail of rabbit bones leading into a cave. They must think we will wait in the cave and prepare to attack, despite the fact that we are be highly outnumbered."

"Those rouges don't think!" Sunfur snapped.

"Where was this cave?" Sharpfang asked.

"By the border between LightClan and SmokeClan."

"I'll set up extra patrols around there. Go rest, all of you. You have done enough."

Blackpelt padded to the Warriors' den along with the rest of the cats he had gone on patrol with.

He spun around two times before curling into a ball.

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"Meet Leafkit, Brownkit, and Willowkit." Whitestripe mewed.

Blackpelt studied the kits. Leafkit was a pale tabby tom, Brownkit was a brown tom, and Willowkit was a white tabby she-cat, who looked like her father, Whitestripe.

Whitestripe was sitting besides his mate, Daisyfur.

"They were born a little early, but they are still strong and healthy."

Whitestripe meowed.

"They're cute." Blackpelt mewed.

"Blackpelt, may I ask you to do me a favor?"

"Sure, Whitestripe. What is it?"

"I need you to train Oakpaw for the next few days. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure. It will be great for Spottedpaw. After all, Oakpaw *is* her best friend."

"He should be no trouble. He is very focused."

"Okay. I will train him tomorrow."

"Thank you, Blackpelt."

"Your welcome, Whitestripe."

A/n: *Sorry for the short chapter, but I was spending time with my family for the Fourth of July. I'll try to update more often...*

Chapter 7

Six Moons Later

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather beneath this highrock for a Clan meeting." Shinystar called.

"These three kits have reached their sixth moon, and they're ready to become apprentices. From this day forward, until they have earned their warrior names, these three are now known as Leafpaw, Brownpaw, and Willowpaw. Darktail, you will mentor Leafpaw."

Darktail padded over to Leafpaw and touched noses with him.

"Cinderleaf, I want you to mentor Brownpaw. Teach him everything you know."

Cinderleaf nodded and touched noses with Brownpaw.

"And Redclaw, you had Sharpfang as a mentor. I expect you to pass down everything you know to Willowpaw."

Redclaw touched noses with Willowpaw and suddenly, cats began to chant out names."

"Leafpaw! Brownpaw! Willowpaw!"

When the meeting was over, Blackpelt noticed how low the fresh-kill pile was.

I'll go hunting. He thought.

As headed for the exit of the camp, Shinystar halted him.

"Blackpelt! Where are you going?" She demanded

"Hunting. The fresh-kill pile is nearly empty."

"If your going hunting, go with Darkstorm."

Oh StarClan! Anyone but him! Blackpelt kept his words in his head. "With Darkstorm?"

"Yes. Go now."

Blackpelt loved to hunt alone. It gave him time to relax. He hated hunting with other cats unless the cat was Brightfur.

"I'll go get him." I muttered.

"Good." Shinystar padded to her den.

Darkstorm was devouring a small vole, which was on of the last scraps of prey in the pile.

"Darkstorm,"

"What!" Darkstorm growled. "Can't you see I am in the middle of eating."

"Shinystar wants us to go hunting."

"Let me finish my vole first!" He snapped.

"Okay, okay!" I turned away and waited at the entrance of the camp. "Great StarClan! Why is he so complicated at times?"

"Why is *who* so complicated at times?"

I turned around to see Brightfur.

"Oh, Hi Brightfur. It's nobody. I was just talking to myslef."

"Talking to yourself? You were so loud, I could hear you a fox-length away!"

"Was I really that loud?" Blackpelt glared at Darkstorm hoping he wouldn't have heard his comment.

"No, I'm just messing with you."

"Alright, let's go." Darkstorm snarled as he exited the camp.

"I'll see you soon." Blackpelt meowed to his friend.

"Same."

"Hurry up, Blackpelt!" Darkstorm snapped.

Blackpelt hurried after him.

Blackpelt spotted a mouse and he immediately got into a crouch.

Suddenly, Darkstorm pounced at it and finished it off.

Blackpelt began to confront Darkstorm. "That was my catch!"

"You were too slow."

"No I wasn't."

"Whatever."

Dirtstorm! Blackpelt said in his head.

He spotted a Crow, this time Darkstorm was hunting down a shrew.

Blackpelt was reading to pounce, when he heard massive footsteps that scared it away.

"Great StarClan! Can't I hunt one piece of prey without being interrupted?"

"Sorry, Blackpelt." I turned around and recognized Dustfur, a MistClan warrior.

"What do you need, Dustfur? You better have a good excuse to be on our territory."

"I do! The rouges are attacking us! We need help!"

"Didn't you get SmokeClan or SwiftClan to help? They're closer to MistClan than we are."

"We need more help than ever! There is enough rouges that can outnumber over two Clans!"

"I'll tell Shinystar. Hurry back to your territory and we will be there soon. Come on Darkstorm!"

"Don't tell me what to do! I'm not your apprentice."

Blackpelt rolled his eyes and ran back to camp.

"Blackpelt, Why are you back so early?" Sharpfang asked.

"The rouges are attacking MistClan. Dustfur said there is more rouges. than ever."

"Okay. In that case, we need about five warriors and three apprentices. You will go along with me, Darkstorm, Redclaw, and Brightfur. We shall take Spottedpaw, Frostpaw, and Oakpaw. Let me tell Shinystar while you get the patrol ready."

"Yes, Sharpfang."

Blackpelt found Brightfur talking to her apprentice, Frostpaw.

"Brightfur, The rouges are attacking MistClan. Sharpfang wants you to join the patrol, along with Frostpaw, Spottedpaw, Oakpaw, and a few more warriors."

"Okay. Frostpaw, can you go meet us at the camp entrance?"

"Yes, Brightfur."

"I'll go get Redclaw. Darkstorm is already waiting at the entrance."

"Redclaw!" Blackpelt called.

"The rouges are attacking MistClan, Sharpfang wants you to join the patrol."

"Alright."

Blackpelt followed Redclaw to the entrance of the camp.

"Shinystar won't be fighting this battle today. Is everyone ready?" Sharpfang asked.

Everyone nodded.

"Let's go, and hurry. We don't have much time."

Chapter 8

When the patrol was in MistClan territory, Blackpelt heard yowling and the smell of blood was getting stronger.

"Almost there." Sharpfang alerted.

Soon, they were outside of the camp.

Sharpfang let out a loud battle cry and we went into battle.

Blackpelt went for the closest cat he could see- a tortoiseshell she-cat.

The cat yowled in pain as Blackpelt raked his claws on her flank. The tortoiseshell ran off towards the exit.

Spottedpaw somehow had a tabby pinned. She looked like a warrior, although the tabby was larger than her.

Only four rouges remained.

We must have came really late! Blackpelt thought.

Suddenly, Blackpelt heard pawsteps rushing behind him.

He instantly turned around and clawed the cat.

He continued to claw and at one point, he tore his ear.

The cat stumbled back and screeched.

Blackpelt crouched down and pounced at him, making him screech even more.

The cat ran off, with blood trailing down his face.

Suddenly, Blackpelt found himself face-to-face with a gray tabby tom.

The tabby had long, sharp claws, with blood dripping from them. The tom swiped his paw to hit Blackpelt's face. Blackpelt ducked as he kept swiping until one point, when his claws raked against his shoulder.

Blackpelt swiped his outstretched claws at the tabby, sinking his claws deep into his pelt.

Scraps of fur fell to the ground along with blood as Blackpelt raked his claws deep into his pelt. He pulled his paw back and swiped it near his eyes, blinding him.

Then suddenly, the tabby fell unconscious.

There was one more rouge left, he was aiming at Sharpfang's neck.

"Sharpfang watch out!"

Sharpfang opened her jaws, revealing her stong, sharp teeth- sharper than a claw!

She doged the cat and bit down on his scuff until he dropped, dead.

"Is he alive?" Rainstar asked, pointing his nose to the tabby I blinded.

"I think he is."

"Then we shall keep him as a prisoner."

"But Rainstar, what if he tries to kill us!"

"We can use him to get answers. He is not in a good condition right now. If he tries to kill us, we will kill him."

"SwiftClan, retreat!" Spottedstar called.

"SmokeClan, retreat!" Tawnytail called next.

"Thank you for coming all the way over here, Sharpfang. You were late, but you still helped us." Rainstar thanked.

"You're welcome, Rainstar. LightClan, retreat."

The seven of us follow Sharpfang back to our own territory.

Sharpfang looked at the apprentices, proudly. "Let us hurry home. I think there is a few warrior ceremonies that need to be made."

Chapter 9

Blackpelt looked at his bleeding shoulder. It hurt so bad, it made him limp.

Brightfur pushed against his side, giving him support.

"That wound looks pretty serious. I'll help you walk back to camp."

"Thanks."

Blackpelt heard a furious snarl from Darkstorm.

I wonder what his problem is. He thought.

When the patrol finally reached their camp, Sharpfang went to talk to Shinystar.

Shinystar leaped on the rock.

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey join me under this rock for a Clan meeting!"

Cats slowly gathered around.

"Sharpfang tells me that there is a few apprentices who need to be made warriors after the battle today with the rouges. Spottedpaw, step forward."

Spottedpaw proudly took a few paces forward.

"Do you promise to uphold the noble code and defend your Clan even at the cost of your life?"

"I do!"

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. From this day forward, you will be known as Spottedfern."

Spottedfern looked very proud of herself.

"Frostpaw, step forward."

Frostpaw, Spottedfern's much quieter sister, stepped forward with a glow in her blue eyes.

"Do you promise to uphold the noble code of our warrior ancestors and defend your Clan at the cost of your life."

"I do." Frostpaw meowed calmly.

"Then I give you your warrior name. From this day forward, you shall be known as Frostleap."

Frostleap dipped her head and joined her sister.

"Finally, Oakpaw, come here."

Oakpaw stepped forward.

"Do you promise to uphold the noble code and defend your Clan even at the cost of your life?"

"I do."

"Then, by the power of StarClan, I give you your warrior name, Oakclaw. Tonight, these newly made warriors will keep a silent vigil."

"Spottedfern! Frostleap! Oakclaw! Spottedfern! Frostleap! Oakclaw!" The crowd chanted.

Blackpelt was happy for his former apprentice.

Shinystar rested her muzzle on the newly-made warriors' heads.

When the meeting was over, Blackpelt met Spottedfern chatting with Frostleap.

"Congratulations."

"Thank you, Blackpelt."

"I have to say, you weren't a bad apprentice."

"And you weren't a bad mentor."

"Oh no." Frostleap gasped.

"What's wrong?" Spottedfern asked.

"It's Branchpaw. He looks sad."

"Hey Branchpaw!" Spottedfern called out to her brother. "Come here!"

Branchpaw gloomily padded to the group of cats.

"Yes, Spottedfern."

"What's wrong?"

"N-nothing..."

"Cheer up, Branchpaw. I'm sure you will be a warrior soon."

"No I'm not! Darkstorm says I am un-teachable! I'm a disgrace to apprentices."

"Did he say that to you?" Spottedfern demanded.

"He says I'm slow!"

How could this be? Branchpaw was one of the fastest apprentices in the Clan!

"But your really fast, Branchpaw." Frostleap told him.

"Not that kind of slow! Slow as in I am dumb!"

"Nobody talks that way about my brother! Let me go tell off that fur-ball!"

"Spottedfern, wait!" Blackpelt warned, but Spottedfern ignored him and continued to storm off towards Darkstorm. *She has more courage than I do!*

"Once you get her into something, you can't get her out of it, that's for sure!" Frostleap commented.

"No kidding." Blackpelt limped to the medicine cat den, remembering his shoulder.

"Hi Blackpelt."

"Hi Dawnfur."

"What do you need?"

"I need you to check my shoulder."

"Okay." Dawnfur examined his shoulder.

"It's infected. Wait here. I have some horsetail."

Blackpelt could see Spottedfern confronting Darkstorm from the den.

"What do you know about mentoring! You have no experience!" Darkstorm spat at her.

"I *know* had a really great mentor and I will pass down all I know to my apprentice when I get one." Spottedfern hissed.

"Don't tell me how to mentor my apprentice! Just because your a warrior now doesn't mean you can go around yelling at experienced warriors."

"Who said you were experienced?" Spottedfern muttered before she stalked off with her tail held high and a satisfying look on her face.

"Her tounge is super sharp!"

Dawnfur commented with laughter.

"No kidding."

Dawnfur treated Blackpelt's shoulder quickly.

"Your all set."

"Thanks Dawnfur."

Blackpelt padded out and saw Brightfur trying to groom her pelt.

"Need help?" Blackpelt said as Brightfur stretched to groom her back.

"Sure."

Blackpelt groomed his friend's back.

"Did Dawnfur heal your shoulder?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"I have to say, I am going to miss having an apprentice."

"Me too, but hopefully, we will get more."

A/n*: Special Thanks to @RoseheartMedicineCat for helping me with the suffix for Oakclaw's name*.

Chapter 10

Blackpelt was in a starry place.

"Shadowpelt?" He called, knowing he was in StarClan.

"I'm here, my son." Shadowpelt appeared from the mist.

Blackpelt noticed how great she looked. Not a single wound on her pelt from her tragic death.

"I am here and I have news."

"News?"

"Great danger is coming."

"Danger? What do you mean?"

"Light and Darkness will meet in a battle, all will be revealed then."

"What do you mean *all*?"

"You will see." She mewed as she faded away.

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Blackpelt's amber eyes flung open.

"Finally, your awake!" Brightfur exclaimed. "The fresh-kill pile is totally empty. I wanted us to go hunting."

"Sure."

Blackpelt padded out of the den, with Brightfur following.

"Let's try the Shade-place." Brightfur suggested.

The Shade-place was one of LightClan's hunting grounds. There is a lot of trees there, making it the darkest place in LightClan, since the

sun shines brightly on LightClan's territory.

"Probably not. It's almost leaf-bare and the weather is becoming cold. We should probably go somewhere warmer."

"True."

"How about the fortress? All Clans have hunting rights there."

"Yeah, that's better."

When they were at the fortress, Blackpelt saw a small crow.

He got into a crouch and sprang at it, giving it a bite to finish it off.

"Nice catch."

"Thanks."

By sunhigh, Blackpelt and Brightfur caught a lot of prey.

They bought it back to camp and placed them on the fresh-kill pile.

"You must have *really* missed your apprentices." Sharpfang commented. "You two have been out all morning, hunting."

"There was nothing else to do." Brightfur mewed. "And we certainly could not sit down and do nothing while the pile was empty."

"Well go eat then, you two look half-starved."

Brightfur respectfully dipped her head and Blackpelt did the same.

Chapter 11

"Hi Frostleap!" Brightfur greeted.

"Hi Brightfur."

"What are you doing out here so late?" It was almost midnight and Frostleap was lying in the grass, right next to camp.

"I just wanted to look at the stars. You?"

"I came out for some fresh air. There is so many warriors in that den, it's starting to get humid! Mind if I join you?"

"Sure." Brightfur lied in the grass, right next to Frostleap.

"I wonder what the rest of my life will be like." Frostleap meowed.

"Frostleap, you have your whole life ahead of you. You will go through good times, bad times, maybe even find love."

"Me? Find love? But who would fall in love with a shy, quite, she-cat like me? It will be easier for Spottedfern. She is brave and outspoken."

"You are a beautiful she-cat! I'm sure you *and* Spottedfern will both find love."

Frostleap giggled. "Between you and me, I think she likes Oakclaw."

"They *would* make a good couple."

"What about you, Brightfur. Do you like some cat?"

"Well... I actually don't know."

"I feel like you and Blackpelt would be perfect for each other."

"Me? And Blackpelt? We are best friends! We couldn't possibly be in

love with each other!"

"Mmhmm..." She teased.

"Blackpelt and I are just friends!"

"Maybe your *more* than friends..."

"No! We are just two best friends!"

"Whatever you say..." Frostleap started to laugh.

"I'm so gonna get you one day!" I joked.

"What about me, Brightfur? Who do you think will fall in love with me."

"Frostleap, I'm sure you will find him someday."

A/n

Sorry, short chapter! I *might* update today.

Chapter 12

"It's so cold!" Frostleap complained.

"If you think it's cold now, just wait untill Leaf-bare!" Brightfur retorted.

"I'm surprised it's still Leaf-fall."

They were on their way to a gathering.

"This is my first gathering as a warrior!" Frostleap squealed.

"Someone's excited." Brightfur meowed.

"We're here!" Frostleap mewed to Brightfur as LightClan entered the fortress.

"SwiftClan is the only one here, so far." Brightfur said.

"At least You're here!" Crowtail, the SwiftClan deputy, snapped. "We thought there was some kind of meeting we were missing out on."

"MistClan is usually here before us!" Shinystar yowled. "What if something happened to them? Are the rouges attacking?"

"We're here!" Rainstar called. "Sorry we're late."

"Your not late. It's SmokeClan that is late!"

"Let's wait a few moments. SmokeClan is always late." Crowtail suggested.

"Only for a few moments." Sharpfang retorted. "They could be under an attack."

"That's true."

A few moments later, Brightfur looked up and saw the full moon

rising.

"I'm ready to start." Rainstar growled.

"Sharpfang, send out a patrol to go find them." Shinystar ordered.

"Do the same, Crowtail. Join their patrol. SmokeClan is probably being attacked by some rouges and a few warriors can't fight them off." Spottedstar told her deputy.

"Peachpelt, do the same." Rainstar ordered.

"Redclaw, Branchpaw, Blazeheart, and Stonefang." Sharpfang called.

Suddenly, SmokeClan appeared.

"Sorry we're late. We found a few of young rouges and we chased them off." Ashstar explained.

"How many of them, Ashstar." Spottedstar asked.

"Five or six. They thought they could attack us but they seem like young apprentices." Ashstar replied.

"Cats of all Clans, listen up." Rainstar called. "The amount of rouges are increasing, and this is making it harder to battle. Shortly after LightClan, MistClan, and SmokeClan were gone, we had lost an apprentice, Stripedpaw. We have no idea when the rouges will attack and we have no idea who is communicating with these rouges."

"What are you proposing, Rainstar?" Shinystar asked.

"I'm saying that we need a new plan. Soon, the rouges will outnumber all four Clans combined. Someone in our Clans are being unloyal, and I suggest we keep our eyes on warriors we don't trust."

"Whoever is communicating with the rouges are covering it up really well, but I just want my Clan to know that you are not to leave the camp unless you have a good reason, or you are ordered to leave by either Sharpfang or myself."

The gathering was over shortly. When LightClan arrived back at camp, Shinystar got on the highrock and addressed the Clan.

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather under this highrock for a Clan meeting."

Most of the Clan was already waiting.

"There is someone from this Clan who is meeting with the rouges. I give you the chance to step forward now, and your punishment will not be that bad."

No cat stepped forward.

"Okay, were going to do this the hard way. No cat is to leave camp without either a good explanation, or an order from Sharpfang or myself. Until we find out who, you need permission to leave camp, and someone will guard the camp every night."

"What if your mistaken, Shinystar. It could just be someone from another Clan." Darkstorm dared to speak.

"Are you trying to say that your leader is wrong?" Shinystar challenged.

"No, Shinystar."

"Good. Meeting dismissed."

Chapter 13

"Frostleap, I need you to guard the camp." Sharpfang ordered.

"Really?" Frostleap squealed.

"Before you think it's fun, know that it's not."

"I think it will be exciting. It's my first mission as a warrior."

"I'm guessing you have a way of making everything exciting. Keep up that attitude."

"Don't worry, Sharpfang. I'll guard the camp."

"Good. Now if you excuse me, I have to set up a border patrol."

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Frostleap shivered when the wind blew on her pelt.

It was almost midnight and Frostleap was sitting in the middle of the clearing, alone.

Darkstorm padded out of the warriors' den and suddenly met Frostleap's gaze.

"Where are you going, Darkstorm?"

"I woke up and couldn't go back to sleep, so I decided to look at the stars."

"You like looking up at the stars too?"

"Um, yeah."

"They make the sky look beautiful! Especially those big ones the sparkle. I love looking at stars!" Frostleap gazed up at the night sky.

"I could tell. Your eyes are sparkling right now as you look at them."

"When I die, I want my star to shine brightly."

"I'm sure you do."

Darkstorm's green gaze met Frostleap's

"Perhaps were could watch the stars together one time." Darkstorm suggested.

"I'd like that." Frostleap meowed. "But not now. I'm supposed to be guarding the camp."

"Until then." Darkstorm rested his tail-tip on Frostleap's shoulder and padded into the warriors' den.

A/n:

Sorry for the short chapter, but I'm going to update chapter 14 soon.

Chapter 14

One Quarter moon later

"Hey Frostleap!" Darkstorm called. "Do you want to go hunting? Just the two of us?"

"Sure! Let's go ask Sharpfang." Frostleap replied.

"Since when was Darkstorm so close to Frostleap?" Brightfur asked Blackpelt.

"Since when was Darkstorm so *happy?*" Blackpelt retorted. "Every time I talk to him, he acts so cruel."

"He wasn't always like that. We were friends as kits but he was always the trouble maker. I guess it was because his mother ran away when he was five moons."

"His mother ran away?"

"Yeah. Her name was Nightpool. She ran away shortly before you came. No one knows why."

"So what happened to Darkstorm?"

"Sparkpelt watched over him for his last moon before he became an apprentice."

"Wow."

At Sunhigh, Brightfur watched Darkstorm and Frostleap enter the camp with their jaws full of prey.

Frostleap murmured a few words to Darkstorm before she padded over to Brightfur.

"Hi!" She meowed.

"Hi Frostleap. You sound excited."

"Maybe I am." She meowed.

"Brightfur," Blackpelt mewed from behind her. Brightfur turned around to face him.

"I'm going hunting. I'll see you later." He told her.

"Okay. See you soon."

Brightfur turned around and saw Frostleap smiling.

"What?"

"He likes you." She giggled.

"Shut up." Brightfur playfully mewed as she gently swiped sheathed paw over Frostleap's face.

"It's true! If he goes up to you and says 'I'm going hunting. I'll see you later', it means he likes you. Why else would he say that?"

"Because he is a friend, Frostleap. A friend."

"A friend that likes you!"

"Whatever. Last time I checked, a tom and a she-cat could be friends without being mistaken for mates."

"I never said anything about mates, Brightfur."

"Umm..."

"Admit it; you like him!"

"I don't! We're just friends!"

"Friends that like each other."

"I'm still going to get you one day." Brightfur mewed.

"Let's get some fresh-kill." Frostleap suggested.

"Sure."

Brightfur looked down at the pile.

A shrew, three crows, two mice, and a rabbit. Brightfur selected the shrew while Frostleap selected a crow.

Brightfur sat down and began to devour the shrew.

Frostleap sat down besides her.

"I wonder who my next apprentice will be."

"I want an apprentice! I want to teach them all I have learned from you."

"For a moment, I forgot that you are my former apprentice."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, we are like friends now. Don't you think."

"Yes. You were a good mentor, but you make a great friend!"

The sun was going down after they had finished their meals.

Blackpelt returned from his hunt limping, and his fur all rugged.

"What happened to you?" Brightfur asked.

"I chased a squirrel into a thorn bush. Now I have a thorn in my paw." He lifted up one paw to reveal a huge thorn.

"Ouch. That looks like it hurts. You should see Dawnfur."

"That's what I'm going to do."

"I hope it feels better!" Brightfur called but she was not sure if Blackpelt picked it up.

Chapter 15

A/N: This chapter is going to be short but chapter 16 will be longer.

A moon later

Brightfur opened her dark blue eyes. She stretched out of the den, tiredly.

"Good morning, Brightfur." Sharpfang greeted.

"Good morning Sharpfang." Brightfur dipped her head respectfully.

"The fresh-kill pile is completely empty. Can you go on a hunting patrol?"

"Yes, Sharpfang. Who shall I take?"

"Take whoever you like, as long as you take an apprentice and a warrior. I'm assessing the apprentices today. It will be a final chance to improve their skills."

"Then I shall take Frostleap and Branchpaw."

"Excellent choice. Go now."

Brightfur dipped her head and padded to the apprentices' den.

"Branchpaw?" She whispered.

"Yes, Brightfur?"

"Would you like to go on a hunting patrol with me?"

"Yes, please."

"Come on, then."

Frostleap was already padding out of the warriors' den.

"Frostleap, would you like to join Branchpaw and I on a hunting patrol?"

"Sure. Let's go."

When the three cats were outside the camp, Frostleap turned to her brother.

"What's wrong this time, Branchpaw."

"Well, I'm a little worried. Sharpfang is going to test our battle moves today, and I don't think I will do very good."

"Do you need help? I can help you perfect some moves."

"I need to work on what to do when I'm pinned."

Suddenly, Frostleap sprang in the air, and pinned Branchpaw as she landed.

"How are you going to defend yourself?"

Branchpaw tried to slip out but Frostleap was strong enough to keep him pinned.

"The trick is to use your hind legs. Try it."

Branchpaw kicked with his hind legal a Frostleap flew off of him.

"Good job."

"Are you okay, Frostleap?"

"Yes." Frostleap got on all four paws.

"Thank you, Frostleap. I think I can do good now."

"You should get an apprentice. You were really good." Brightfur complimented.

"He's my brother. I have to help him."

"I smell a shrew!" Branchpaw exclaimed.

"Go for it." Frostleap mewed. "I need to talk to Brightfur for a moment."

Branchpaw stalked off to find the shrew.

"Brightfur, we are friends right?"

"Of course! What do you want to tell me."

Frostleap squealed with excitement.

"What do you want to tell me?" Brightfur repeated.

"Darkstorm and I are mates!"

A/n: Haha, cliff hanger. Let's see how Brightfur reacts to this in the next chapter.

Chapter 16

Brightfur widened her eyes in shock.

"What!?!" Brightfur exclaimed.

"You heard it, Brightfur. Do you want me to tell you again?"

"How did this happen, Frostleap?"

"Well, We both like each other so when we were hunting yesterday, I told him I like him and he said he likes me so we got together."

"Frostleap, don't you think your rushing things?"

"Aren't you happy for me?"

"I'm shocked! When I said 'I'm sure you will find him someday', I didn't expect *him* to be *him*. And I surely did not expect 'someday' to be today!"

"But we love each other! Isn't that good enough to be mates?"

"I don't know Frostleap. If I were you, I wouldn't rush things."

"I understand, Brightfur. But you don't always have to wait a while for the right moment. When you see a mouse, don't hesitate. Catch it."

"Where are you going with this?"

"You *know* where I'm going with this."

"Great StarClan! This is about Blackpelt and I, isn't it?"

"You've known each other for a long time! You should just tell him how you feel, for StarClan's sake!"

"How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not in love with

him! We are just friends!"

"Brightfur I know how you feel about him."

"How would you know?"

"Because I can feel what you feel."

Brightfur let out a startled mew and stepped back.

"How is that possible?"

"I don't know, I've never told anyone about this, but if someone feels love, sadness, happiness, or hatred, I can feel it. Every time your around him, I feel love."

"But how? I don't feel it when I'm around him!"

"That's because you don't know it."

"Huh?"

"You may not know it, Brightfur, but you *are* in love with him. You just have to realize it."

Brightfur paused for a moment. *What if Frostleap is right?* She thought. Brightfur suddenly saw an image of Blackpelt and herself touching noses. She shook the image from her head.

"Even if I do love Blackpelt, why tell him how I feel. What if he doesn't feel the same way?"

"It doesn't hurt to try."

"If he doesn't feel the same way, that would only leave me heartbroken. Why tell him how I feel when I can just wait for him to tell him how I feel."

"But what if he is scared to tell *you* how he feels?"

"I got the shrew, and I caught a pheasant!" Branchpaw exclaimed.

"Wow. Where is it?" Frostleap mewed.

"It's over here! Come on!"

Branchpaw ran into the bushes.

"We'll talk about this later, okay?" Frostleap suggested.

"Okay."

Chapter 17

A/n: Sorry for the long wait, but I was a little busy so I couldn't update. Enjoy!

Brightfur barely slept that night. She was too tired. It was very windy that night, and because of her short fur, she was cold. She also stayed up thinking about Frostleap's power.

She padded out of the den and to the fresh-kill pile.

"Hi Frostleap." Brightfur greeted.

"Hi."

"Guess what!" Branchpaw meowed enthusiastically.

"What?" Brightfur and Frostleap both said in unison.

"I'm going to be a warrior!"

"That's great! Congratulations." Frostleap mewed.

"Good job, Branchpaw." Brightfur congratulated.

"The ceremony is now!"

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather under this rock for a Clan meeting." Shinystar called. She waited for most cats to gather before she spoke. "Today, we have two apprentices that have trained hard enough to understand the noble code. Branchpaw step forward."

Branchpaw did so.

"Do you promise to uphold the noble code and defend your Clan even at the cost of your own life?"

"I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. From This day forward, you will be known as Branchclaw. Lionpaw step forward."

Lionpaw took a pace forward.

"Do you promise to uphold the noble code even at the cost of your life?"

"I do."

"Then I give you your warrior Name. From this day forward, you shall be known as Lionwhisker."

"Branchclaw! Lionwhisker! Branchclaw! Lionwhisker!" The crowd chanted.

"Tonight, these two warriors will keep a silent vigil."

"I smell SwiftClan!" Blackpelt alerted.

"I do too!" Redclaw agreed.

Suddenly, Spottedstar appeared through the entrance with the rest of her Clan.

"Shinystar!" She painted. "We need help""

"What happened, Spottedstar?"

Spottedstar's pelt was covered in blood.

"SwiftClan, was attacked! The rouges chased us out of our own camp!"

"They did? Why didn't you send someone to get help?"

"The rouges surrounded our entire camp! It was usele-" Spottedstar collapsed on the ground.

"Spottedstar!" The SwiftClan cats yowled.

"Let me through!" Tawnychest, the SwiftClan medicine cat,

snapped. "She's loosing a life."

"Do you need herbs?" Dawnfur asked.

"Yes, please."

"What if the rouges come to our camp?" Grayspots asked.

"They won't. We're going to attack." Shinystar growled. "Sharpfang, get the warriors ready. Stonefang and Darktail, go get MistClan and SmokeClan. Tell them to come here. Grayspots will guard the camp. Grayspots, I leave you in charge of the camp in case the rouges make their way here."

"What about us?" Crowtail asked.

"SwiftClan just fought a battle. They must stay here and help guard our camp. Sharpfang who have you picked to fight in this battle?"

"I've picked Whitestone, Redclaw, Blazeheart, Blackpelt, Brightfur, Darkstorm, Frostleap, Spottedfern, Stonefang and Oneear."

"May we take an apprentice?"

"I think Willowpaw will be ready." Redclaw suggested.

"Then we will take Willowpaw."

Spottedstar's eyes flung open.

"Careful, Spottedstar. Don't move." Tawnychest urged while healing her.

"Don't worry Spottedstar. You're going to get your camp back." Shinystar told her.

"Be careful. These rouges a bigger and stronger." Spottedstar softly meowed.

"We're not doing it alone. I've sent out two warriors to go get help from SmokeClan and MistClan. SwiftClan will have to stay here and help guard the camp. In case they come here."

"You honestly think that this is the final battle with them, Shinystar. There is so much rouges, we might have to leave the forest."

"Leave the forest? I'm not leaving the forest!" Shinystar replied furiously.

"Soon, there will be no choice."

"Are you giving up, Spottedstar? Is that what I am hearing?"

"Shinystar, we can't afford to loose anyone."

"Spottedstar, you are a strong leader. I never would have thought of you, out of all Clan leaders, giving up. We have to fight them off before it's too late. The only thing that is stopping us is the fact that we don't know when the rouges plan on attacking."

"I guess your right, but how are we going to find out? We don't even know who is in contact with the rouges."

"We can find a way. Cats are under strict control. Surely, No cat can be communicating with them now."

Brightfur noticed how Darkstorm flinched uncomfortably.

"We are here." Ashstar meowed. Behind the dark gray leader, Rainstar stood with his warriors, along with the SmokeClan's warriors."

"Ready?" Shinystar asked.

"Yes."

"Let's go then."

Chapter 18

Brightfur noticed the fresh scent of blood. She saw a trail of the scarlet red liquid leading to the SwiftClan camp.

The camp was a hollow, so it wasn't that hard to stay hidden.

"They're saying something." Shinystar whispered.

"When are we going to attack SmokeClan?" One rouge asked.

Ashstar pulled in closer to hear.

"Midnight. Thornfur said that midnight is the best time." Another rouge replied.

Everyone's gaze suddenly turned to Thornfur, a SmokeClan warrior.

"It was *you*!" Ashstar hissed. "You traitor! You *rouge*!"

Thornfur looked ashamed at first, then his amber eyes filled with rage.

"Yes! It was me! I am a traitor! I am sick of my Clan! Always living by the *warrior code!* We were promised a great life after the Clans are driven out, *for good!*" Thornfur hissed.

"Thornfur! keep your voice down, they might hear!" Tawnytail hissed.

"I don't give a mousetail if they hear!" Thornfur ran into the camp.

"The Clans are here! We need to attack them!"

Suddenly, the rouges appeared.

Spottedstar was right- the rouges were bigger and they look well fed.

"Attack!" A massive golden tom yelled.

The Clan leaders flicked their tails and the Clan cats charged into battle.

A silver tabby pounced at Brightfur, pinning her.

Brightfur used her hind legs and kicked him, causing him to flay just a few fox-lengths away.

Brightfur saw her opportunity to pin him but suddenly, she felt a stunning bite on her neck.

The cat biting her was a white tom.

I need help soon, or I might die! she thought as she yowled in pain.

Sharpfang came to the rescue just in time. She was bigger than the tom, so she had no trouble picking him up by his scuff, and flaying him towards the bushes.

"Run, before it gets worse!" Sharpfang urged.

Brightfur ran but then stopped. She wanted to fight. *A little neck injury can't stop me!* She thought. She ran back to the battle and attacked the nearest cat she could find.

The cat was a brown she-cat. The she-cat rolled over, revealing her soft underbelly. *That was mouse-brained.* Brightfur thought as she clawed the cat's soft belly.

The she-cat screeched until she broke free and ran away.

"Traitor!" Ashstar hissed. He was in the middle of combat with Thornfur.

Thornfur pinned Ashstar and raised one paw, claws unsheathed, and swiped it down, slashing Ashstar's throat deeply.

Thornfur left Ashstar and started fighting some Clan cats. Ashstar's eyes were wide open but his breathing was loud and shallow. Brightfur heard his breathing stop and he stopped moving. *Is he*

loosing a life? Brightfur thought.

There was so much blood that surrounded Ashstar's neck. He needed help.

"Tawnytail!" Brightfur called.

The tortoiseshell stopped clawing a black tom and looked in Brightfur's direction. "What is it?"

"Ashstar's hurt! Your closer to him,I think we should he-" The same white tom had pounced at her, causing her to roll in the hollow.

"I'll just finish you off here!" he sneered. He opened his jaws and aimed at her neck. Brightfur couldn't move. The tom was pinning her down. Brightfur closed her eyes, knowing it was the end. She waited for the bite that would end her life, but instead, the weight of the tom lifted off of her and the tom yowled and dropped dead.

"Blackpelt, you saved my life!" Brightfur mewed as she recognized the black tom.

"I saw him push you into the hollow."

Suddenly, Brightfur heard a loud cry. "Blazeheart?" Brightfur ran up the hollow and saw Blazeheart hovering over a large scrap of bloody, gray fur.

"Stonefang!" She cried.

"Oh no!" Blackpelt said.

"Retreat!" Yowled the golden rouge. The rouges ran off in the bushes.

Suddenly, Spottedstar and the rest of SwiftClan appeared.

"Spottedstar! Why didn't you stay at our camp?" Shinystar snapped.

"We wanted to help. We've recovered long enough."

"Well, at least you have your camp back."

"Yes, but at what cost?" Spottedstar's gaze met two bloody bodies.

Stonefang and Peachpelt.

"Some cats are carrying Ashstar back to SmokeClan." Tawnytail meowed.

"Is he dead too?"

"No, but his throat was horribly slashed."

Tawnytail turned to Thornfur. "Why are *you* still here!" he hissed.

"I'm going back to my camp." Thornfur retorted.

"If you think we will freely welcome you back into the Clan, after you betrayed us and almost killed our leader, your more mousebrained than I thought! If I am not wrong, I am sure Ashstar would want you exiled! Now you can be the rouge you've always wanted to be!" Tawnytail flicked his tail and stalked away as Thornfur ran for the bushes.

"It's not safe for SmokeClan to go back to their camp." Rainstar told Tawnytail. "SmokeClan may stay in MistClan's camp tonight."

"Thank you, Rainstar, but what about the space? And what about Ashstar?"

The dens won't be that full tonight. Many will mourn for Peachpelt. She was very popular in MistClan. And Daisypetal could help take care of Ashstar. She renewed her storage this morning."

"Thank you, Rainstar." Tawnytail mewed.

Brightfur watched. Two Clans that were rivals are now helping each other.

"You!" Sharpfang snapped. "I thought I told you to go back to camp! Look at you now! You have so much wounds!"

"I am sorry, Sharpfang. You were right. If it wasn't for Blackpelt, I'd probably be dead." Brightfur met Blackpelt's gaze. "He saved my

life."

"Well, you have Blackpelt to thank. Now let's go before you loose too much blood."

Blazeheart looked at her dead brother. "Daisyfur is going to be so upset."

"At least he died with honor." Blackpelt meowed.

Blazeheart picked up Stonefang by the scuff and followed the rest of the patrol home.

Chapter 19

"Hold still!" Dawnfur urged. "that wound on your neck is really deep."

"Sorry, I just want to see what's going on." Brightfur meowed. "This stings. I guess this is what I get for not listening to Sharpfang."

"Okay. The wound stopped bleeding. Be careful."

"I will." Brightfur padded out of the medicine cat's den.

"What's going on?" Brightfur asked Blackpelt.

"I don't know! Everyone is just gathered around, I can't see anything!"

Sharpfang was somehow able to push through some cats. "Don't just stand there and watch, get Dawnfur!"

"Is someone hurt?" Blackpelt asked the cat in front of him.

"Daisyfur fainted once she saw Stonefang." Darktail explained.

"And nobody got help?"

"It looks like she's getting help now." Darktail flicked his jet black tail at Sharpfang who came out of the medicine cat den with Dawnfur.

Dawnfur pushed through the crowd.

As the cats made way for Dawnfur, Brightfur was able to see Daisyfur.

Suddenly, the cream-coloured she-cat flung her eyes open and jumped up.

"Are you alright, Daisyfur?" Dawnfur meowed.

"No! My son is dead! My first born son is dead!"

"You still have us." Willowpaw mewed. Leafpaw and Brownpaw agreed.

"Oh, my kit! You have a scratch on your ear!" Daisyfur gave her ear a rough lick."

"Mom! I'm an apprentice now! It's just a little scratch! It's not like my whole ear was torn off!"

"Daisyfur, would you like some water? Poppy seeds?"

"No, I have to keep a vigil for him."

"We will join you!" Leafpaw meowed.

"I'll join you." Whitestripe added.

"I'll join you." Said Sparkpelt.

"Blazeheart?" Daisyfur asked.

Blazeheart was staring at something, not paying attention. Although, her eyes were filled with sorrow.

"Blazeheart?" Daisyfur asked again. Blazeheart showed no signs that she had heard.

"Blazeheart!"

"Huh?" Blazeheart blinked and shook her head.

"That's the third time I've called your name! Are you keeping a vigil or not?"

"I am, I am." Blazeheart sighed.

"I'm going to join them. You?" Blackpelt mewed.

"Sure, I'll join."

Brightfur heard Shinystar yowl as she called a meeting.

Most of the Clan was already gathered.

"Today, we've lost one of our warriors, Stonefang. We've learned that there are traitors who have been communicating with the rouges. We've discovered one traitor today. Thornfur of SmokeClan has been exiled by Tawnytail. He made it pretty clear that there's more traitors. Thornfur also mentioned that the rouges are going to try to drive us out of the forest."

Most of the Clan began to murmur in disagreement.

"No! I don't want to leave!" Grayspots cried.

Shinystar raised her tail to silence the Clan.

"We are not going to leave. Until further notice, There will be four patrols a day and for your own safety, you can not leave camp without another warrior. Also, if your not busy, you must practice your battle moves. That rule goes for warriors too."

"Claws sheathed?" Sunfur asked.

"Yes, claws sheathed. We need to keep our moves up just in case Thornfur seeks revenge."

"If Thornfur wants revenge, Why would he attack us? Wouldn't he attack SmokeClan?" Darkstorm asked.

"Most likely, but he might want revenge on all of us. He *wanted* the Clans out of the forest, after all, he made that pretty clear. Meeting dismissed."

Chapter 20

Brightfur tried not to doze of during the vigil. She felt her eyes close until Blackpelt's tail swept across her face.

"You're dozing off." He whispered.

"Sorry." Brightfur shook her head, hoping to stay awake. She had forgotten that she didn't get much sleep the previous night.

She glanced at Blazeheart, who was gazing at nothing.

On the other side of the clearing, Lionwhisker and Branchclaw kept their vigil.

Brightfur looked up at the stars. They began to fade. Brightfur really wanted to get some sleep, especially if she was going to the gathering that night.

After what felt like a hundred moments later, the sun began to rise and the vigil was over.

Brightfur decided to go to the burial place. It was the least she could do for Blazeheart.

Blazeheart picked up Stonefang by his scuff and padded out of the camp with the rest.

"Watch your step, Blazeheart." Whitestripe meowed. "You almost tripped."

Blazeheart helped dig Stonefang

After the burial, Brightfur tried to fall asleep but she realized that she hadn't eaten in awhile.

What is wrong with me? She thought as she ate a shrew.

"Brightfur?"

"Yes, Frostleap?"

"You seriously need to get some sleep."

"Is it *that* noticable?"

"Well, you almost fell asleep while eating your shrew, like you're doing right now."

"Huh?" Brightfur realized that she dozed off.

"Nevermind, just hurry up and finish your shrew so you can go to sleep."

"Okay."

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"Brightfur!" Blackpelt called.

"Huh?"

"Wake up! If you keep sleeping, you'll be late for the gathering."

"Are we leaving yet?"

"No, but imagine the trouble you'd be in if Sharpfang or Shinystar found out that you were asleep all day! Let's go practice our battle moves. I've already asked permission to leave."

"Okay, I'm coming."

It was shortly after sunhigh when Brightfur padded out of the den.

"I wonder if SmokeClan was attacked." Brightfur meowed after she padded outside the camp.

"We will find out at the gathering tonight."

"Do you know how to do this move?"

"What move?"

Brightfur ran up a tree and pounced from the lowest branch, hoping to be able to pin Blackpelt.

Blackpelt quickly doged, causing Brightfur to land on the ground.

"How am I supposed to show you the move if you keep dogging?" Brightfur snapped.

"Sorry, Brightfur. It's just my sudden instinct."

"Well then, let me try again. Don't move this time! I don't want to break my neck after Dawnfur told me to be careful." Brightfur tried again. This time, she pinned Blackpelt.

"Admit it, you can't get out of this move. It's very difficult." She playfully snarled.

"Not for me!" Blackpelt shifted so Brightfur would fall, then he pinned her.

"Try to get out of this!" He challenged.

Brightfur tried but Blackpelt strongly pinned her.

"Alright, I surrender! Let go of me now!"

"Ha!" He Let Brightfur go, then suddenly, she pounced at him.

"Just kidding!"

As they playful attacked, they stumbled down a hill, into a thorn bush.

"Ow, thorns!" Brightfur hissed.

"I got one in my paw again!" Blackpelt hissed.

"You have bad luck with thorns." Brightfur playfully taunted. "Here, let me help you with that."

"You know how to remove thorns?"

"I've gotten so much thorns in my paw as a kit, I've learned how to take them out myself. Now give me your paw."

Blackpelt pulled his paw closer.

Brightfur tried to slowly remove the thorn.

"It's almost out." She mewed. She gazed up and met Blackpelt's amber eyes, which were filled with affection.

"Brightfur, you have pretty eyes," He softly mewed.

"T-thank you." Brightfur tried to remain calm. *Don't get too excited!* she thought. *Everyone compliments your eyes.* But hearing it from Blackpelt made her tingle. *Now is the perfect time to tell him. But all we did was compliment me! Maybe he was just being nice!* Brightfur had no idea what to do. *But the way he said it, the affectionate look in his eyes! He **must** feel the same way! I have to tell him, and I have to tell him **now**!*

"Ow!" Blackpelt flinched all of a sudden.

The thorn in his paw was out.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"It's okay."

Brightfur turned around so she could get the thorn on her back.

"We should head back to camp." Blackpelt meowed. "We need to leave for the gathering soon."

Chapter 21

"SmokeClan is here early for once." Brightfur commented.

"I hope Ashstar's okay. It looks like Tawnytail is representing SmokeClan tonight." Blackpelt replied.

"It looks like they're ready to start."

"I'd like to start." Tawnytail meowed.

"You may start us off." Shinystar replied.

"All is well with SmokeClan. We returned back to our camp this morning, there has been no signs of rouges, or Thornfur. Ashstar is alive. He woke up this morning, but his throat was terribly slashed, and he now speaks with a stutter. We thought it was best that he didn't go to the gathering tonight until his throat has healed. Would you like to go next, Spottedstar?"

"Yes, please." Tawnytail stepped back and Spottedstar stepped forward.

"SwiftClan has been doing well also. We have new apprentices, Bluepaw, and Goosepaw, although they're not here today. We have a new warrior too, Talldapple, and we haven't seen any signs of rouges either."

"I would like to go next." Rainstar meowed.

"MistClan is doing fine. Dustfur is the new deputy, Stoneheart is expecting kits, and we have a new warrior also, Leafstorm."

"Is that all Rainstar?" Shinystar asked.

"Yes. You may speak."

"LightClan is doing fine. We have two new warriors, Branchclaw and Lionwhisker, and no signs of rouges."

"About the rouges." Rainstar meowed. "I've started to notice a pattern."

"Please tell us, Rainstar." Shinystar stepped back.

"Moons ago, I have warned the Clans about the rouges. Their first attack was on MistClan. SwiftClan fought off a few rouges shortly after, then LightClan was attacked. During the gathering, shortly after, it was mentioned by Ashstar that SmokeClan couldn't fight because they were attacked by rouges. That means SmokeClan was attacked before LightClan. Then, a few moons ago, MistClan was attacked again, then SwiftClan was driven out of their camp, then the rouges were planning on attacking SmokeClan at midnight but they didn't. Don't you notice the pattern? Either SmokeClan will be attacked, or LightClan will be attacked next."

"Rainstar, excellent thinking!" Shinystar complimented.

"I don't get it." Spottedstar meowed.

"MistClan is attacked first, then SwiftClan, then SmokeClan, then LightClan! It's a pattern!"

"I get it now! But that means that SmokeClan and LightClan are in danger!" Spottedstar exclaimed.

"How about this, Spottedstar: everyday, our Clans will send out a patrol just to make sure SmokeClan and LightClan are okay. We should send out four cats in the patrol. If a Clan is being attacked, two warriors will go back to camp and warn the others, while another two goes and gets help. SwiftClan is closer to LightClan so a patrol can go there, while MistClan can go to SmokeClan."

"That's brilliant. Just don't steal any prey." Tawnytail commented.

"We won't, or at least I hope so." Rainstar gave his Clan a look.

Brightfur thought he was referring to an unloyal cat.

"Then it's settled. Shall we end this gathering?" Shinystar meowed.

"Yes." Rainstar replied. Spottedstar and Tawnytail just nodded.

Chapter 22

"Blackpelt, what are you doing?" Sharpfang asked.

"Stalking a mouse."

"If you call that 'stalking a mouse', then you should just have me teach you again."

"I'm sorry, I'm just not focused today."

"What's troubling you?"

"Oh, it's nothing, really."

"Whatever you say."

Blackpelt did have something on his mind- Brightfur. He couldn't stop thinking about her ever since he noticed how beautiful her eyes were. He immediately shook his head and sniffed the air for prey. He scented another mouse. He got onto his belly and slowly stalked the mouse. He caught it and finished it off.

"I think I see Spottedfern and Cinderleaf." Blackpelt meowed.

"I think we caught enough prey. Let's go meet up." Sharpfang replied.

"Prey is starting to get scarce." Cinderleaf meowed.

"Well we have to get used to it. Leaf-bare is in a moon!" Spottedfern replied.

"Let's get back to camp. We did the best we could."

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"Where are Lionwhisker, Branchclaw, and Leafpaw?" Sharpfang asked furiously. "I sent them on a hunting patrol a long time ago

and neither of them showed up! Are they in danger?"

"I don't know, Sharpfang." Redclaw meowed.

Suddenly, Lionwhisker ran in the camp.

"The rouges are on their way to attack SmokeClan!"

"Really? Where is Branchclaw and Leafpaw?"

"They went to warn SmokeClan."

"Okay, Lionwhisker, I need you to tell Shinystar. Redclaw, go get Whitestone, Grayspots, Brightfur, Blazeheart, Darkstorm, and Whitestripe. Blackpelt, you're coming too. Spottedfern is in charge of the camp."

Shinystar padded out of her den.

"Sharpfang, have you picked some warriors?"

"Yes. Redclaw is getting them."

"Good. We need to hurry."

As soon as everyone was ready, they hurried to SmokeClan.

Blackpelt looked around for any rouges.

They arrived at the camp quickly, only to find SmokeClan and MistClan waiting.

"Where's SwiftClan?" Shinystar asked.

"They couldn't make it." Branchclaw reported. "Spottedstar said she had to exile a cat and SwiftClan wouldn't be able to make it that fast."

"Does that mean they found out who was communicating?"

"Yes. I think it was Foxtail but I wasn't su-"

Suddenly, the rouges broke into the camp.

Blackpelt noticed that Thornfur was among them.

"Thornfur!" Tawnytail hissed.

"I no longer go by that name. My name is Thorn, now!"

"Attack!" A massive golden tabby yowled.

"Attack!" Tawnytail yowled.

Blackpelt went for a gray she-cat.

The she-cat pinned him but Blackpelt used his hind legs to kick her off.

She hissed and slashed her claws on Blackpelt's flank. Blackpelt ignored the pain and slashed his claws on her face, giving her a deep scar around her eye. The she-cat gave up and ran away.

Shinystar was trying to fight the massive tabby that gave the battle cry. Blackpelt quickly assumed that he was the leader of the rouges.

Smart! Blackpelt thought. *If she gets the leader, the rouges might leave us alone!*

Blackpelt noticed Blazeheart sitting down as a big black-and-white tom darted towards her.

What is she doing? Blazeheart was obviously unaware.

Blackpelt ran at her and pushed her out of the way before the tom could get her.

Blackpelt began to attack the tom.

"Blazeheart... What... were...you... doing?" Blackpelt began to shred his claws on the tom, tearing off one ear. The tom ran off.

"Blazeheart! He could have killed you!"

"I'm sorry, I wasn't focused."

"You were sitting down like there was no battle. Unsheathed your

claws and start-"

A rouge cat attacked Blackpelt from behind.

"Be prepared to die!" He snarled.

Blazeheart ran over and began to claw the cat. But that wasn't enough.

Suddenly, the wait lifted off him and Sharpfang was attacking the cat. It was a light brown tabby.

"Oakstripe!" She snarled.

"Sharpfang, long time, no see."

"Oakstripe, you worthless peice of fox-dung! You better stay away from him!"

"Or else what, Sharpfang? What would you do?"

"You recked up my family! You killed my father and convinced my brother to be a rouge! I swear to StarClan, I'm not afraid to kill you, if you touch him!"

"StarClan, you still believe in that nursery tale?"

Sharpfang growled and revealed her teeth.

Oakstripe must have realized how sharp her fangs were, because he stared to whimper in fear.

"Sharpfang, no need to hold a grudge! We can work something out. You even join us!"

"And maybe hedgehogs will fly!"

"Sharpfang, please don't kill me!"

"Then go away, you weak little pile of foxdung! Go now or I'll make crowfood out of you!"

"Y-yes, Sharpfang." Oakstripe ran away.

"Coward." Sharpfang muttered. "Blackpelt stay by me. There's so much rouges, it's too dangerous. Blazeheart what are you doing?"

"Huh?"

"Blazeheart you're supposed to be fighting! You're just sitting down, doing nothing."

"I'm sorry Sharpfang. I'm having trouble staying focused."

Suddenly, Blackpelt heard a yield from Shinystar, who was flayed away into the bushes.

"Shinystar!" Sharpfang called. "Come on!"

Shinystar was lying motionless in the bushes.

"She's really hurt. We need a medicine cat."

"I'm here!" Adderfur meowed.

"Adderfur, can you help her?"

"Let me see." Adderfur padded into the bushes. "She's losing a life."

"No!" Sharpfang yowled.

Blackpelt thought back to the last time the rouges attacked LightClan. Shinystar lost her seventh life in that battle. That means that Shinystar is now on her last life!

Shinystar slowly lifted up her head.

"Sharpfang?"

"Yes, Shinystar?"

"I need to go back to camp."

"Okay. Blazeheart, do you think you can escort Shinystar back to camp while staying focused?"

"Yes, Sharpfang."

"Okay. Make sure Shinystar sees Dawnfur once she's back at camp."

"Okay."

"Let's go back and fight. Stay by me. It's too dangerous to fight know your own."

Blackpelt nodded and they fought rouge cats side-by-side.

"Thorn is entering the leader's den!" Blackpelt alerted. Tawnytail stopped what he was doing and ran to Ashstar's den.

"We should go with him."

"Come on."

"How could you, Thorn! You are trying to kill your former leader!"

"He's not my leader and this is not my Clan!"

"Get out of here, Thorn! I swear, if I catch you our territory, you will be killed!"

Thorn growled and padded away.

"This isn't over, Tawnytail!"

"T-Tawnytail,"

"Yes, Ashstar?"

"C-can you s-stay here?"

"Ashstar, I have to fight. You're not dying are you?" Tawnytail's eyes began to fill with sorrow.

"N-no, b-but t-thanks to T-Thornfur, I m-mean Thorn, I-I am on m-my l-last l-life."

"Ashstar..."

"P-please, Tawnytail. I-I need y-you more than e-ever."

"How about this: I'll guard your den until the rouges have gone. You'll be safe, Ashstar."

"T-thank you."

"You two should keep fighting." Tawnytail meowed to Sharpfang and Blackpelt.

"We will. We were just trying to help."

"Thank you." Tawnytail dipped his head.

Sharpfang and Blackpelt went back to the battle.

"Help!" Some familiar cat called.

Blackpelt looked around and noticed Brightfur surrounded by two rouges.

"I'll take out the tom, you take out the she-cat." Sharpfang told Blackpelt.

"Help!" Brightfur cried again.

Blackpelt immediately flung himself at the she-cat and sunk his claws into her pelt.

"Stupid Clan cat!" She hissed as she pinned Blackpelt.

Blackpelt shifted until she could fall down. Then, he rolled her into a pin and began to shred her black fur.

"Retreat!" The golden tabby yowled.

The black she-cat ran away with the rest of the rouges.

"Where's Shinystar?" Leafpaw asked. "She had to go back to camp with Blazeheart. Is everyone okay?"

"I don't think anyone is dead." Redclaw reported.

"Good. Let's go home."

A/n: Hello everyone! I'm almost done with this story. I might finish tonight but I doubt it. Anyways, I was thinking about writing a super edition or something like that. Should I? Tell me what you think.

Chapter 23

Sharpfang padded to Shinystar's den.

"Shinystar, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Sharpfang. I need to talk to you. Sit down."

Sharpfang sat down and looked at her leader.

Shinystar began to slowly walk around her den.

"Sharpfang, I'm on my last life. It won't be long before I join StarClan. When I die, you will become leader. You will receive your nine lives and your name, Sharpstar."

"But Shinystar,"

"You're going to lead the Clan and you will have new responsibilities." She cut off.

"But Shinystar, why? Why are you telling me this? I'm not ready to be a leader."

"And that is why I am telling you this. To prepare you. To prepare you for the challenges that lay ahead. Being a leader is not easy. You must be prepared to help your Clan. To risk your lives saving them, but you must also be very wise with your lives. Just because you have nine, doesn't mean that you can throw them around. You will sometimes recieve prophecies from StarClan. If you don't understand it, you can talk to Dawnfur about it. At gatherings, show no weaknesses. Show that you're a strong leader with a strong Clan."

"But how do I do that?"

"Just be yourself. Be that strong, fearless, loyal cat you have always been. I'm done talking to you now. Just prepare yourself for the future."

Sharpfang dipped her head and padded out of the den. She shivered once she thought about Shinystar losing her last life. Shinystar was the leader since Sharpfang was a kit. Now, it's like Shinystar is expecting to die.

Sharpfang sighed and padded to the fresh-kill pile, only to bump into Darktail.

"Sorry, Sharpfang. I wasn't paying attention."

"No, Darktail. *I'm* sorry. *I* wasn't paying attention."

"Is there something on your mind?"

"Oh, it's nothing."

"Will you at least talk about while we share a mouse?" Darktail nudged a mouse towards her

Sharpfang sighed. "Sure, why not."

"So, what's has been troubling you?"

"Well, I guess it's the fact that I'm going to be a leader soon." Sharpfang took a small bite out of the mouse.

"Oh. Well I think you're going to make a great leader." Darktail meowed before he took one bite out of the mouse.

"I don't know. I'm really going to miss Shinystar once she's gone. I've lost almost everyone in my life."

"You haven't lost me."

"I know, and I'm grateful for that. I'm grateful for the fact that I haven't lost all my friends." Sharpfang sighed. "Finish the mouse. I'm going for a walk."

A/n: Sorry for the short chapter. It's so short because right now, it's 5:35 AM and I'm sitting a car with my family. We had to wake up at four AM! I've only gotten a few hours of sleep so I really need to take a nap. Anyways, I might post this around 8:00. :/

Chapter 24

Brightfur dropped a squirrel on the fresh-kill pile. Nearly a moon had passed since the last rouge attack.

"Brightfur, I want you to come with me." Sharpfang meowed.

"Come where?"

"Not far. Something strange is going on. I need to investigate."

"Shouldn't we bring more cats?"

"No. We're not going to fight. We just have to look at something."

"Okay. Let's go."

Brightfur stepped out of the camp with Sharpfang.

"So what do you want to investigate?"

"I saw blood by the fallen tree."

"Blood?"

"Yes. It was fresh but I'm not sure who's blood it is."

"That's strange."

"Look." Sharpfang pointed her nose to a trail of blood.

"We should follow it."

"Yeah, but we have to stay unseen. Sharpfang dropped her tail down low. Brightfur did the same.

Slowly, they followed the blood.

Suddenly, Sharpfang halted Brightfur with her tail.

"Look." She whispered.

Foxtail, Thorn, and Fastheart were hovering over a bloody body.

"Should we hide the body?" Foxtail asked.

"We should leave it." Thorn replied.

"I agree with Thorn. I haven't gotten exiled yet and it will be best if I stay in my Clan for a while." Fastheart meowed.

"So we just leave it here?"

"Yeah. I think her Clan has a right to know that she's dead."

"Then let's hurry out of here before we get caught. Fang is probably furious that we took so long." Foxtail meowed.

"Who is Fang?" Brightfur asked.

"I don't know. Maybe the leader of the rouges."

The three cats ran away.

"Let's go see who they killed." Sharpfang stepped closer.

"Oh great StarClan!" Brightfur gasped.

The cat was Sparkpelt.

"It's Sparkpelt! They killed her!"

"Oh my StarClan! She has lost so much blood, you can't even recognize her!" Sharpfang exclaimed.

"Frostleap is going to be so upset!"

"We need to get her back to camp."

"We need to warn MistClan. Fastheart helped them murder her! What if they murder one of us?"

"Calm down, Brightfur. We will pass on the message somehow. I am

friends with Dustfur from MistClan. The gathering is tomorrow night. I'll tell him then."

"But what if Fastheart finds out that we saw this? We might get killed! We know too much!"

"Don't worry. I'll keep our identities a secret."

"Good thinking. I hope we're not in danger!"

"I'm sure we're not." Sharpfang picked up Sparkpelt by the scuff.

When they arrived back at camp, everyone was shocked to see Sparkpelt dead.

Spottedfern was the first to notice.

"What happened!?!" She exclaimed.

"How did she die?" Branchclaw asked.

"She was killed."

"By who? I'll shred every single hair off of their pelts!"

"Thorn, Foxtail, and Fastheart."

"Fastheart? Isn't he in MistClan." Branchclaw asked.

"I don't care if he is in MistClan. I'm still going to shred his pelt."

"Relax, Spottedfern. Tomorrow, at the gathering, I'm going to talk to Dustfur about it."

"I'm not sure how Frostleap is going to take this." Branchclaw murmured.

"Brightfur, you should tell her." Spottedfern meowed. "After all, you are her best friend."

"Really?"

"Yeah. She goes on and on about how a good friend you are."

"Okay. I'll go talk to her."

Brightfur scanned the camp. Frostleap was nowhere to be found.

"Darkstorm, have you seen Frostleap?"

"She's in Dawnfur's den. Why?"

"Sparkpelt was killed by rouges. I need to talk to her."

"Rouges? How many?"

"Three. Foxtail, Thorn, and Fastheart."

"*They* killed Sparkpelt?"

"Yes. Why are you so concerned?"

"Just asking."

"Okay, I'm going to go talk to Frostleap." Brightfur padded into Dawnfur's den.

"Frostleap?"

"Oh, hey Brightfur. Are you okay?"

"Yes. I'm fine. What happened to you?"

"Oh, just a little bellyache. I think I ate a bad mouse last night."

"Probably. Anyways, I need to tell you something."

"What is it."

"Frostleap, I'm sorry but," Brightfur looked down. "Sparkpelt is dead."

Chapter 25

"What?" Frostleap's cheerful blue eyes suddenly filled with sorrow.

"She was killed by Thorn, Foxtail, and Fastheart."

"No! Why her?"

"I'm sorry, Frostleap."

"Where is she?"

"In the clearing."

Frostleap got up and padded to the clearing. Brightfur followed after her.

Frostleap starred at her mother's lifeless body in horror.

Darkstorm padded over to her and gently wrapped his tail around her, touching his nose to her muzzle.

*Maybe Darkstorm and Frostleap really **are** meant to be.* Brightfur thought.

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Brightfur watched Sharpfang talk to Dustfur.

Dustfur seemed shocked at first, then he nodded.

Brightfur was surprised to see Ashstar at the gathering.

Suddenly, Tawnytail bumped into Brightfur.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I see that Ashstar is here."

"He was supposed to stay back at camp. Adderfur told him to stay

but he was being so stubborn."

"Well he's probably just tired of being stuck in camp all day."

"I understand that, but that gives him no reason to yell at me like an angry badger." There was a hint of laughter in his voice.

"He yelled at you?"

"Yes. Well, at least that's a good sign. He has been talking a lot, although his stutter may be permanent."

The gathering started shortly after.

"Who would like to start?" Spottedstar asked.

"M-me." Ashstar spoke.

Most of the cats looked shocked to see him.

"SmokeClan has been d-doing w-well. W-we haven't s-seen any r-rouges. I'm d-doing fine, a-also."

"Thank you, Ashstar. I'm glad to see you here." Spottedstar meowed.

"I am glad als-" Shinystar was cut off by a loud yowl.

"Attack!"

A bunch of rouges began to attack.

"Great StarClan!" Brightfur exclaimed. There was a bunch of rouges. Enough to take out three Clans!

Brightfur was suddenly attacked. The cat that was fighting her was a small, ginger tabby, she-cat, about the size of a young apprentice.

Brightfur swiped her claw on her face.

The small she-cat stared at Brightfur, with fear in her eyes. Then, she ran away.

Brightfur shrugged and continued fighting.

"They're crossing into SmokeClan's territory!" Amberheart cried.

"The camp!" Tawnytail exclaimed.

"We need to chase them away, but we need help."

"I can help!" Frostleap exclaimed from behind Brightfur.

"Me too." Darkstorm said.

"I'll help." Blackpelt added.

"I'll help too." Brightfur finally meowed.

"Let's go!" Tawnytail took the lead as they chased away the rouges.

"Let's go for the Thunderpath!" Amberheart suggested.

"Good idea." Tawnytail replied.

Brightfur tried to keep up with the others.

When the Thunderpath was in sight, Brightfur started to relax. The rouges had finally crossed the Thunderpath.

Brightfur noticed that a white-and-black tom got hit by a monster.

"Birch! No!" A dappled brown she-cat yowled.

"Let's hurry back to the Fourtress. I'm worried about Ashstar." Tawnytail mumbled.

The six of them ran as fast as they could.

Tawnytail suddenly stopped himself from running, causing dirt and dust to scatter everywhere.

"Ashstar!" He yowled.

Ashstar was hanging on a cliff, tall enough to kill you if you fall.

"H-help!" He stammered. In front of him was a shadowy figure. Brightfur narrowed her eyes so she could see the cat. The cat was

Thorn!

"I'm coming, Ashstar!" Tawnytail tried to make his was up to the top of the cliff.

"T-thorn, don't d-do t-this!"

"You foolish leader! I've taken two of your lives and I will take your last one."

"StarClan, help him." Brightfur preyed silently.

Now, Tawnytail was just a few fox-lengths away.

"Enjoy StarClan!" Thorn snarled as he pushed Ashstar off of the cliff.

"No!" Tawnytail exclaimed. "You!" He hissed at Thorn. "You evil excuse for a cat! I'll kill you!" Tawnytail flung himself at Thorn and tried to aim for a bite. Thorn dodged and pounced at him.

Tawnytail dodged quickly, and attacked from behind. He bit into Thorn's scuff and flayed him off the cliff.

"Ashstar!"

"T-Tawnytail,"

"It's going to be okay. Ashstar."

"T-thanks for e-everything, Tawnytail. Y-you will m-make a g-great C-Clan leader."

"Ashstar..."

Ashstar's forest-green eyes closed, and the fur on his pelt slowly rised up, then down, and it didn't rise again.

Ashstar was dead.

Chapter 26

"This is all my fault!" Tawnytail cried.

"If I made it up that cliff sooner, if I never even let Ashstar go to the gathering, he wouldn't be dead."

"It's not your fault, Tawnytail." Amberheart meowed.

"Yes it is. I've lost everyone! Everyone!"

"No you haven't. You haven't lost me."

"What are you talking about, Amberheart?"

"I love you, Tawnytail."

"I-I love you too, Amberheart."

Brightfur was happy for them, but a little bit envied. *Why can't I open up like that to Blackpelt?*

"Um, sorry to interrupt your 'love', but the Fourtress is being attacked and we're probably needed." Darkstorm mumbled.

"He's right. What about Thorn's body?" Amberheart mewed.

"Leave it there. We have to go fight." Tawnytail replied.

"And Ashstar?"

"I'll come back for him once it's all over. Let's go."

There was no more rouges at the Fourtress, but some of the Clan cats were nowhere to be seen.

"Where is everyone?" Blackpelt asked.

"Chasing groups of rouges away." Spottedstar answered. "This could be the final battle. Their leader is dead." She pointed her tail to the

massive golden tabby.

"Fang is dead?" Darkstorm exclaimed.

Blackpelt narrowed his eyes. "How do you know his name, Darkstorm?"

"Um..."

"You're the one! You're the one that has been communicating with them! You're the traitor!"

"What are you talking about?"

"You *know* what I'm talking about!"

"Darkstorm is this true?" Frostleap asked.

"Okay, I admit, it is true, but what does that prove?"

"It proves that you're a lying traitor!" Frostleap exclaimed.

"Is what I hear true, Darkstorm?" Shinystar growled.

"Yes, Shinystar." He muttered.

"Then leave. Frostleap, Blackpelt, and Brightfur, escort him away."

"Where?" Frostleap asked.

"I honestly don't care. As long as it's away from the Clans."

"How about that place we saw on our way to find Henry? Just across the river." Brightfur suggested.

"Take him anywhere as long as it's away from the Clans." Shinystar repeated.

"Let's go then."

On they way to the place, all Brightfur heard was Frostleap confronting Darkstorm.

"Wait, did you have any relations with Sparkpelt's death?"

"Thorn, Fastheart, and Foxtail were just being idiots! They were specifically told to kill Blackpelt!"

Blackpelt stopped walking. "They were told to do WHAT?" Blackpelt exclaimed.

Darkstorm did not reply.

"What *do* you have against me, Darkstorm? I never did anything to you!"

"You did."

"Name one thing I did to you."

"You stole Brightfur from me."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. She was *my* best friend until you came along. I loved her *first*! But it's obvious that you two love each other! And I hate that. I hate everything about that. I hate everything about *you*, Blackpelt."

"What about, Frostleap? You both are mates."

"As if I even loved her!"

Frostleap gasped.

"I needed someone to help me with the rouges. I was told to get a mate in my Clan and use her to get on my side, so we could gain enough rouges to drive the Clans out of the forest."

"What's wrong with you, Darkstorm!?! You broke her heart! No she-cat will ever fall in love with you if you break others' hearts!"

"Whatever."

"I hate you, Darkstorm! You're the worst thing that ever happened to my life!" Frostleap yelled.

Darkstorm ignored her. "Blackpelt, here's a little advice: Watch your back. I could have you killed just like how your mother was killed."

Blackpelt narrowed his eyes and gave him a death glare.

"You killed Shadowpelt?"

"Yes, along with other rouges. Once I find my allies, we will team up and kill you."

Blackpelt flung himself at Darkstorm, making both of them tumble down a hill.

"Oh my StarClan!" Brightfur exclaimed.

Blackpelt and Darkstorm were fighting and Blackpelt was winning.

Blackpelt had Darkstorm pinned but Darkstorm used his hind legs and flayed him into the air.

Blackpelt landed head-first on a rock and lied motionless.

"Blackpelt!" Brightfur exclaimed.

A/N: Haha, cliffhanger! Don't worry, I might post the last chapter in a few minutes. :)

Chapter 27

Final Chapter! :D

Blackpelt was in a starry place.

Am I dead? He thought.

Suddenly, he was looking at the Fourtress.

It was raining heavily.

He saw a dark gray she-cat limping.

"Shadowpelt?"

Suddenly, a dark tabby jumped out from the trees.

"Darkstorm?" Shadowpelt meowed. "What are you doing here."

"The question is, Shadowpelt, what are *you* doing here? Wait, don't answer that. You came here to see your son, Blackpelt, am I correct?"

"How do you know? Have you been spying on us?"

"Listen, I hate Blackpelt. I want revenge."

"So what do you want from me? I'm not Blackpelt."

"But you *are* his mother. I want to kill you."

"I'm a senior warrior, and you're a young warrior. I'm *not* going to loose a fight to a newly-made warrior like you."

"Challenge accepted."

About six rouges appeared from behind the trees.

They began to attack Shadowpelt, blinding her, clawing her, *killing*

her.

I can't look! Blackpelt tried to close his eyes but they stayed open.

Why are you making me watch this, StarClan?

Blackpelt was forced to watched his mother get attacked. When they were done, the rouges ran away along with Darkstorm.

Then, Blackpelt saw a younger version of him, along with Brightfur and Spottedfern who was an apprentice at the time.

Blackpelt saw himself run over to his dying mother.

I don't want to relive this moment!

Blackpelt tried, and tried, but he couldn't close his eyes.

When it was all over, the vision began to fade and Shadowpelt appeared.

"Shadowpelt!"

"Now you know, Blackpelt. Now you know."

"Shadowpelt? Am I going to die?"

"This is not your time, Blackpelt. It will be many seasons before you join us. It's time you go now. Something special is coming your way."

"Bye, Shadowpelt."

Shadowpelt smiled.

"Bye Blackpelt."

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Blackpelt's vision was blurry.

"Blackpelt! You're coming to!" The voice of Brightfur exclaimed. "You're alive! Thank StarClan."

Blackpelt blinked twice and his vision was starting to clear up.

It was daytime.

"Brightfur? What happened?"

"You hit your head. You were out for three days. Dawnfur said you'll be okay, but I stayed here and waited for you to wake up."

"Where's Darkstorm? Is he gone?"

"He's dead."

"Really? How?"

"Right after you hit your head, Darkstorm was ready to kill you, but Sharpfang came to the rescue and killed him."

"Sharpfang? She wasn't with us."

"I know. It was strange how she appeared out of nowhere, but I'm grateful for her."

"Is Blackpelt awake?" Dawnfur mewed.

"Yes. He just woke up." Brightfur answered.

"That's good. Are you okay, Blackpelt?"

"My head hurts. That's all."

"You should be fine. I think Sharpfang wants to talk to you."

"Okay."

"You must be starving. I'm going to get you some fresh-kill." Brightfur mewed as she exited the den, giving a friendly nod to Sharpfang.

Sharpfang greeted her and padded in the den. "I'm glad to see you're up, Blackpelt."

"I am too."

"How'd you know it was him?"

"Well, for starters, he knew the name of the leader. And almost every time someone mentions the word 'Rouge' or 'Traitor', he would flinch, twitch his ears, or shift uncomfortably."

"Well, I'm just glad it's all over."

"Sharpfang can I ask you a question?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"How did you know I was in danger?"

"Well, a few moons ago, Shadowpelt came to me in a dream and told me to protect you and take care of you as if you were my son. So, I follow you some times, just to make sure you're safe."

"So you followed us to that place the other night?"

"Yes. Shinystar said that the three of you were escorting Darkstorm. I followed your scent trails and I found you, near a rock lying motionless, Brightfur, trying to wake you up. Darkstorm pushed her away and tried to kill you. That's when I attacked."

"What happened after that?"

"I carried you back to camp while Brightfur and Frostleap explained what happened."

"It's starting to make sense. Did anyone die in the battle with the rouges?"

"No, but I heard that Ashstar died. I was scared, Blackpelt."

"Scared? But you're never scared!"

"I wasn't afraid of dying. I was afraid of loosing you. I really do think of you as a son. I don't have a mate, or kits, but you are like a son to me, and that's all I need. I haven't lost all of my kin. I still have one left."

"Thanks, Sharpfang."

Sharpfang smiled. "I'll leave you to rest now. I'll see you soon."

"Okay. See you soon."

Sharpfang padded out and Brightfur appeared shortly after.

"Sorry that took so long. I just had to force Frostleap to eat a mouse."

"Poor Frostleap."

"I know. It's so sad. She's been so depressed, she hasn't been eating."

"Wow. I hope she feels better."

"Here eat this." Brightfur nudged a vole closer to him with her nose.

"Thank you. Do you want some?"

"No, thanks. I've already eaten."

"Okay." Blackpelt started to eat the vole.

"Blackpelt, there's something I've wanted to tell you for a long time now. I guess now is a good time to tell you."

"What is it Brightfur?"

"I love you, Blackpelt."

"Brightfur-"

"You don't have to say it back. I just wanted you to know that."

"No, Brightfur. It's okay. I feel the same way about you."

Note

. . .And then they ran off into the sunset and lived happily ever after. Just kidding, they didn't, but they're still happy.

Why did I tear up when I wrote this? I guess because Blackpelt and Brightfur are sooooooooo cute together. Or maybe it's because I love love even though I'm not in love with anyone. What's wrong with me?

I feel like this story has too much suspense... Oh well. (Deal with it) Anyways, If you think I'm done writing these books, YOU'RE DEAD WRONG!!!! :D I'm going to continue the series until I feel like I want to stop.

The fourth book is coming soon. I have think of a name for it. I hope you all enjoyed it. :)